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LETTER

Bene FROM THE *Arthur*

Hon. Thomas Harvey

March 9th TO *1776 V4*

Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart.

*Ne quid falsi dicere audeam
Ne quid veri non audeam.*

CICERO.



D U B L I N

Printed by IGNATIUS KELLY at the Stationer's
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LETTER



Hon. Thomas Henry

Sir Thomas Hanning, Bart.

Clerk.



DUBLIN.

Printed by James Kelly at the Stationer's
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COPY of a private Letter to Sir *Thomas Hammer*, antecedent to the Resolution I had taken to publish one; which, together with his Answer, and my Reply, will a little explain the Nature of my Provocation thereto, and serve as an Introduction to the whole. I must beg such Persons who take the Trouble to read them, not to forget that I am no volunteer in Print, but to have Respect to the Justness of my Motive, and Importance of my End in it; which might be a sufficient apology for me, had I done any thing more weak or unadvised.

Depositem laudas ob Amici fussa Pudorem.

I must beg them likewise to Pardon the Pedantry of these Scraps of Learning, as they may occasionally meet with 'em; which, I assure them, are not foisted in with any vain Design to shew that I was once able to read a *Dead Language*; for alas! that is all now but a *dead Letter* in me; but when I recollect any Passage in my Reading, that seems more fully and clearly to explain my Sense of the Thing in Question, than from the Confusion of my Thoughts, and a Poverty of Expression, I am able to do myself; I shall be apt to insert it: And indeed where a Quotation helps to enforce, or a Figure to illustrate, what we are saying, I think either

B

very

very pleasing : Where they do not respectively answer these Purposes, both are impertinent and improper.

To Sir THOMAS HANMER.

S I R,

HAVING had an Intimation at your Door, that it would be of little Use to me to multiply my Visits, I thought it necessary to give you this Trouble: but Writing being very painful to me, and my Errand Business, I could have chosen rather to see you, tho' I must assure you at the same Time, that I did at least as great a Violence to myself, as to you in the Attempt. I cannot help boasting that I have been honour'd with the Friendship of Men as Considerable, and as worthy as Sir Thomas Hammer, who have taken equal Pains with me to cultivate and keep up the Acquaintance. As your pretended Quarrel to me must be grounded on my Behaviour to your Wife, I am proud of it; having done nothing towards you, but what any Man of the strictest Honour might have done; nothing towards her, but what every generous and well natur'd Man ought to have done. And you know, as she had Sense and Spirit enough at last to assert her Freedom, you ought to thank Heaven that she happen'd to throw herself into the Arms of a Son of Lord Bristol. I waited on you, Sir, to ask a Piece of Justice of you, not a Favour; for of all Men, you should be the last Person to whom I would be oblig'd. I am inform'd that you have sent Orders into Wales, to cut down all the Timber upon the Estate of which I have the Reversion; the Execution whereof I hop'd, to respite, by remonstrating



frating to you, that it would have been a little more becoming you, as a Gentleman, to have offer'd me the Refusal of it, as I should have done to you in the like Circumstance. But I am rather glad, than sorry, you have used me thus, that I might be able to say, as with the utmost Truth I can, that in all the various Commerce and Engagements I have had with Men, I never yet was treated as I should have treated them upon an Exchange of Places. Nevertheless, I am still desirous, for the Sake of the Inheritance, to purchase the Wood. If you think it is on Account of the immediate Interest I have in it myself, you are deceived; for if you were to die to Morrow, possibly I might never see the Estate; nor would I give any Body a Year's Purchase for such another Contingency. Tho' you deny'd me that Access to you I might have claim'd of his Majesty, I must insist upon your *honouring* me with an Answer to my Proposal. I am,

Your humble Servant,

THOMAS HERVEY.

Sir THOMAS HANMER's Answer.

S I R,

I Little thought I should be laid under the Necessity of denying you Admittance to my House, and of declining my Correspondence with you, because I imagin'd it impossible that you should ever seek either. To hear that called a Demand of Justice which you now make the Subject of your Letter, is another Surprise to me; for I think I

have the common Right of all Mankind to dispose as I please of my own ; which Right I shall always exercise without asking any Person's Consent: And therefore my Answer must be, that I am inclined to deal with others for the Wood I have to sell, rather than with you. I am,

Your humble Servant,

Decemb, 12. 1741.

THOMAS HANMER,

My Reply.

S I R,

YOUR Answer to my Letter was such as I expected, because it was not such as I deserv'd. I wrote it with a Blister on my Back from a sick Bed, to which the Effects of my Resentment of your Misusage had confin'd me ; for when the Mind is upon the vertical Point towards Madness, Trifles light as Air will overset it. For this Reason, if I express'd myself in less apposite Terms, than with a Mind and Body more at Ease I might another Time have done, you should not have cavill'd at it. You may be sure I did not mean, by *Justice*, that the Nature of my Demand was such as admitted of its being carried into a Court of Law, because it then would have gone thither first : But I can still defend the Propriety of the Word many ways. Your Consent to my Proposal was due to me in the first Place, on Account of my being at present a Kind of Representative of my dear invaluable Friend, to whom you was much obliged. I had another Claim to it, from your being somewhat beholden to me ; but that Title I should chuse

to wave, because I regret any little Merit I may have toward you, as an unpardonable Sin in me. I have yet one more, which is the Consciouſness that I could not have refused you the Thing in the like Circumstances. Put all these out of the Question, Sir, and turn but to the first Rudiments in Ethics, and you'll find there, that every Man is under a moral Obligation to bestow whatever will greatly avail his Petitioner, provided it be made appear at the same Time, that the Person solicited is no ways interested in withholding of it.

I did not intend to write to you again, but it is really almost an involuntary Act in me. I protest to you, it mortify'd me to have such a Piece of Prevarication, such a Quirk put upon me by a Man of Sense ; because you in some Degree debase all of that Character, by shewing the World that a little Passion, or Prejudice, will in a Moment level them with their Neighbours. Now, Sir, as I happen to have a more than ordinary Reverence for Men of Understanding (where it is accompanied with any thing great or good) this Injury to them a little affected me ; for, (as some Author I have read very modestly says of the Virtuous) tho' I am not of the *Number*, I will be always on their *Side*. As my Father is your Friend, I am sorry I cannot be on your's : But farewell.

Bond-street, Dec. 17.

This Letter Sir *Thomas Hammer* return'd to me unopen'd ; a Piece of Insolence, and Contumely, not to be warranted, or brook'd by any Gentleman. And it was owing to the Intercession and Remonstrances of my Friends, that I did not send him a Message suitable to such an Indignity ; but tho' they appeased, they did not satisfy me : The
Freedom

Freedom used *with* me, has imparted itself *to* me ;
 and my Correspondent must expect to be treated
 with the same Licence. God be thank'd ! he has
 but shewn the Malignity and Unruliness of his
 Temper, without greatly harming me ; whose sole
 Demerit and Offence is, to have been innocently
instrumental in bringing him to Shame.

LET A



A
L E T T E R

FROM THE

Hon. *Thomas Hervey,*

T O

Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart.

S I R,

U Npractis'd in the Forms and Arts of Writing, and, by a long Indisposition of Mind and Body, render'd less capable than ever to deliver my Thoughts with any Propriety ; 'twill not be doubted, that it is with the utmost Reluctance I address you in this public Manner. I am writing to you with an hot Head, and a cold Heart ; which is far from being the natural Temper of either. Yet, at the same Time that I declare myself *highly* incens'd at you, I must own I am *as highly* oblig'd to you, for urging me to a Compliance with my dear departed Friend's last Request to me ; which
your

your pretended Friendship for my Father might have induced me to leave for some Time unperform'd.

Your Wife, so call'd, (tho' she often disclaim'd any such Relation to you) the Day before her Death, having had some Warning of its Approach, spoke to me to this Effect. *My Soul's * Soul!* (said she) *I have been long resign'd to my Fate, tho' I have endeavour'd to make you think otherwise. It is the only Thing I ever deceived you in; and you must not forget that I had my Lesson from you, who always held that the Dissembling of Grievs, among Friends, was a Virtue almost equal to Sincerity upon other Occasions: I remember, you call'd it one of the pious Frauds of Friendship. — But I have done; your present Tenderness shews how rightly mine was judged.* After a short Pause, she resumed the Discourse, by saying, *You are sure I can have but one Regret in Dying, and it is not Loss of Life. But since I am so destin'd, give me Leave, my Love, to take this Opportunity to ask two or three Things of you; which I do not desire any Promise of, but from your experienc'd Goodness to me, as far as you can be responsible for the Performance of 'em, will conclude them done. One is, that your Letters may be bury'd with me: Another, that you would be bury'd by me: And the last, that, upon any Proof, or Symptom, of that Inflexibility I begin to suspect about Sir Thomas Hanmer's obdurate Heart, you will at once vindicate your own Conduct, and my Fame, by publishing my Letter to him.*

Tho' very unable to execute it to my Satisfaction, I receiv'd the last Commission with a Joy unknown

* I know you are a great Critic, but I trust you will be above questioning the passionate Expressions of a dying Woman: Where I trespass in mine, from the same Cause, either in point of Decency or Propriety, I hope suitable Allowances will be made me.

known to me; as furnishing me with an Opportunity to *exonerate* myself, and to throw that *Load* of Shame and Dishonour, from the Nature of her hapless Story, *necessarily* incurr'd by some of the Parties to it, upon those to whom it properly belongs. Fy on the Monsters that have robb'd me of my Intellects, and left me neither Thoughts nor Utterance for the thousandth Part of what I could have *conceiv'd* and said upon the Subject; with which my Mind is so replete, that I could talk whole Days upon it, if I knew but how to draw the Matter thence with any Method or Connection. But as her Letter is to be the Foundation of what I have more to trouble you with, I shall give a Copy of it here.

A Letter from Lady HANMER to Sir THOMAS.

S I R,
THOU' I thought that all Commerce or Correspondence was for ever at an End between us, yet I find myself under the Necessity of once more writing to you; not to remonstrate with you upon any Thing that is past, nor to embarrass you with Questions to which I know you could give no Answers; for I have not been at all affected by our Separation, or any Appearances in the Circumstances of it, excepting in losing the Society of some of your * Relations whom I truly loved, and by whom, if I do not grossly flatter myself, I was a little beloved; but you say, that your Sister only

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was to blame in that Injunction, and that you ~~was~~ innocent*. I have, and desire to have so little Intercourse with the World, that I had rather suffer the Injuries it has done me, great as they are, than do myself Justice at the Expence of recalling so melancholy a Train of Thoughts, as must ever arise in my Mind on this Subject. But I am greatly afflicted, that Mr. *Hervey's* Attachment to me should have exposed him to Suspicions and Imputations, which no other Part of his Conduct would have left him liable to. Indeed 'tis cruel; for his Behaviour between his Tenderness to my Friendship, and to your Reputation, was so nice a Thing, that it ought to stand recorded as a most amazing Pattern of the truest Love and Honour.

Some Years ago, when I thought I had not long to live, I could not forego the Pleasure of † giving him with my own Hands the last Testimony of my Affection for him, and the most pure Affection that ever Woman bore a Man: But the Sacrifices which (as you yourself know) he has since made to my Passion for him, so far surpass all the little Acknowledgments I can make him, that I am Bankrupt even in Hope. I only mention it, in order most solemnly to assure you, that even upon this Occasion he was so far from giving any Encouragement to my Love, that all I had from him was only general Professions of his Obligations to me. From the Time my Mother died (upon which Event I always determined, in my own Mind, to live no longer with you) to the Time we parted, it was wholly and solely at his Desire and Persua-

* This, I have been told, is not a Fact; and that Lady *Bunbury* had laid her Daughters under no such Inhibition as was complained of, till you desired it.

† A Will, and Deed of Settlement.

sion, that I forbore making you the Proposal of our Separation ; but upon being better acquainted with my Circumstances, and the Grievs of Mind and Body to which he expos'd me, he would no longer interpose, but consented to my making that Motion ; which I accordingly did the Winter before I went to *Spain*, tho' you did not then (I don't know for what Reason) think fit to comply with it. Upon extorting from me, by repeated Instances, an Explanation of a Passage in a Letter I wrote you before I went Abroad, he thought he had less to manage with me, or I with you ; yet I assure you (as a farther Proof of his Regard and Consideration for you) it was entirely owing to him, that at my Return I did not try, whether the Law would not have put me in Possession of my Fortune. As I hope for the Continuance of his Love (which I am sure you believe I do, tho' you might not any other Asseveration I can make) these are Facts, and such Proofs of Puncto and Self-Denial, as are not perhaps to be parallell'd in the whole World besides. For my own Part, you know, that under the greatest Provocation to all the Levities and Extravagance a Woman could be guilty of, I never, during the many Years I lived with you, either wrong'd you, deceived you, or disobey'd you : Such a Consciousness might have been Matter of Boast to a Wife half in Love ; but, surely, it was highly meritorious in an unloving and an injured one. If you had ever had my Affections, so far was I from being capable of any Violation of them, that Heaven would have scarce shared them with you. I never made a Mystery of my Attachment, where I had placed them ; nor did you ever express the least Uneasiness at it. If you had, and had question'd me about the Nature of it, I should very frankly have told you all I felt for him : That

I had given a most inviolable Love to a most unalterable Merit ; an Heart unadulterated by any former Choice, as it will ever remain by any second one, tho' I were to live a Thousand Years. But no more of this, which must be an ungrateful Subject to us both ; but it possesses my whole Soul ; therefore it is no Wonder it has forestall'd my more immediate Purpose, which was to inform you, that I shall very soon go Abroad, and, from the State of Health I am in, little expect either to return or to survive you : For which Reason let me conjure you, to leave *Barton* to Mr. *Hervey* ; it was ever my first and will be my latest Wish ; therefore give me some Hopes of your Consent, tho' you deceive them, that I may live and die at least in some Degree of Peace. You are a good-natur'd and serious Man, and, when you come to reflect, will not, cannot think, that I am asking an unreasonable Acknowledgment for all I have suffer'd, and am still suffering on your Account. I am perhaps the only Woman, who, in my Situation, would not either have expos'd you to the World, or have wrong'd your Family ; tho' what had been an Injury to your's, would have been but Justice to my own : For, supposing me capable of having a Child, your giving my Estate to your Heir, and my giving an Heir to your Estate, are but one and the same Injustice. But I'll have done, and endeavour to suspend these Thoughts, from which my Mind has scarce had a Moment's Respite for some Years ; depending upon your Indulgence in this my last Request to you, and assuring you, that I have more Charity for you, and Benevolence towards you, than you could expect, or Heaven itself require. Adieu.

Dec. 4, 1739.

I shall

I shall subjoin to this Letter the Dying-Words of its most excellent and exemplary Author, which make a very natural and consistent Supplement to it; and are as follow :

*Sure, no poor Wretch ever had so severe a Fate!
—— That Man * has much to answer for —— Yet, if
he had indulg'd me in my last Request to him, I might
have forgiven him all the rest —— but I hope You will
be happy.*

Alas! the last was as vain, as all the other inauspicious Wishes of her Life : It was recommending me to an End, whilst she was robbing me of the Means ; and any body would have done as consistent a Thing, to have wished me Length of Days at the Time he was stabbing me.

If an Hero or Philosopher had died like her, his Praises would have been recorded ; but the truly great Mind, which is ever alike free from Affectation, as from Ostentation, silently, but seriously, quits the World, with twice the Decency and Dignity of either. But Decency, indeed, *is* Dignity.

† *But rest, poor perturbate Spirit !*

*His saltem accumulem donis & FUNGAR INANI
MUNERE.*

*If I remember thee not in my Mirth, may Heaven
forsake me in my SORROW.*

Mrs. Flasby, her very valuable and faithful Friend, was Witness to her Pathetic Valediction ; and we jointly desired Mr. Clayton, to relate the Substance of

* She had mention'd You before ; but what it was she said, I cannot recollect.

† An Apostrophe.

of it to you. Not that it could then avail either the Dead or Living; but we thought, if you had one single Atom about your Heart unputrify'd, that such Complaints must give it a little Compunction. Mr. *Clayton*, (for whom I have a great Honour and Regard) for *Reasons* best known to himself, did not acquit himself of his Promise; nor was I so *unreasonable*, as to renew my Instances for the Performance of it; for, some People are afraid of you. I am not of the Number: for I am out of the Reach of all Men's Malice; have nothing to manage or to dread, wholly careless what becomes of the tedious Remnant of a Life, the Prime of which I spent in Pain, Obscurity, and Want. I have been long inured to Misery, and am now arrived to such a Pitch of it, that I rather wish than fear any additional Affliction. Yet I confess, you awed me, once, more than any Man, except my Father. There was an *Appearance* of such Severity in your Opinions and Manners, that you seem'd the profest Censor of the Age. But this shameless Anecdote, of which I am about to speak, once reveal'd, I no longer regarded you as what you seem'd, but as what you are. From the Time I knew you to have been the Cause of such inexpressible Grievs to the poor *unhappy* Creature, I so *unhappily* loved and admired, I conceived a most abhorrent Hatred of you. Nevertheless I check'd and stifled every Effort and Suggestion of it, for the Sake of Lord *Bristol*: Tho' his cruel Treatment of me, upon your Account, would have long since set free a Son of a different Nature and Temper; who would have made it a Pretence for throwing down that Mound between us, by which you have been hitherto intrench'd. But now I put off all Restraints; this last Injury you have done her, this posthumous Wrong (if I may be allow'd the Expression) transported

sported me beyond all Bounds of Patience. He too, that can do me an Insult in *cool* Blood, will be sure to make mine *boil*.

The Part of a public Monitor (tho' I think myself as well qualified for it, as some who take it upon them) I know, must very little become me. So invidious a Province would ill suit with my Abilities and Character, at least my *apparent* Character; tho' God knows how widely different that is from the obscured and hidden Man. But where you have practised any of your Weaknesses, there is of course a Right to speak and upbraid: And as you have taken great Liberties with me, you must expect to be treated with equal Freedom. For he who wou'd slander me *without Reason*, has furnished me with the *best* of *Reasons* to reproach and vilify him. There is but one Man living has aught against me; and if once in my Life to have incurred my own Reproof, be Sin so Damnable and Irremissible; *let him that is more Innocent throw the first Stone*. He who knows me, that will coolly and dispassionately say he suspects me of any Thing Indirect or Base, is a Liar and a Scoundrel; and an utter Stranger to me, that would fix such an Imputation upon me, is an uncharitable Fool.

As * *Jaques* says, *I sometimes think of great Matters as well as others, tho' I make no Boast of it*. Indeed to hear you declaim or preach, either upon public or private Occurrences, might *operate very kindly upon a raw and unexperienced Auditory*; but it would make no Impression at all on me. I should be apt to observe, *in particular*, that Words cost Nothing; and, *in general*, that we are all Wisdom and Virtue, when we are supposing ourselves to act
in

* A Character in a Play in *Shakspear*: As you like it.

in the Place of others; and yet all Folly and Iniquity in our own. I do not want to be informed, I do not want to be *convinced*; that the Public is a very important Relation, to every constituent Part or Member of it: But I would beg Leave to take Notice, that it is a Remote one, compared to many others I could mention: Towards whom, I shall always expect to see some Portion of that Benevolence, and general Concern for the Welfare of Mankind, so familiar to the Mouths, and so foreign to the Hearts of most Men; frequently exerting itself, before I will think myself bound to believe them sincere. No *one* Man has more than *one* Mind: He therefore who hath signalized himself by a steady Adherence to the Rules of Honour and Humanity, and by a constant tender Regard to his Reputation, in private Life; should be supposed to be actuated and governed, by the same Principles and Sensations in Public. And as the ordinary Testimonies to, and Instances of, these great and good Qualities, should preponderate against all Appearances to the contrary, when he comes into a more exalted Sphere: So, on the other Hand, wherever such Proofs are wanting; all high-strained Notions of Government, of partial Love, or public Spirit, should carry but little Weight or Credit with them. But these Reflections and Surmises are for *particular* Application, and therefore to be kept within due Bounds: For tho' I cannot help fancying that many of our Political Zealors are *not* Sincere; I believe there are more who *are*: and I have great Joy and Comfort in the Persuasion. It used to be Matter of Wonder to me, that there should be seemingly so much more Public Virtue stirring, than there is of any other Species of it: But the Reason appears to me to be this. That our Passions and Affections go Hand in Hand, and, as it were,

were, co-operate with our *Public* Virtues; whereas, those of a *private* Nature, are, for the most Part, the Result of frequent *Conflicts* with our Passions, and Inclinations; and, in the Exercise of them, must put us to some Pains and Cost. To be plain with you, Sir, all you talk (possibly) without feeling, I feel without speaking: But I have a Philosophy superior to any of your Cynical Turn; which teaches me, instead of magnifying and multiplying the Failings of Mankind, to see as few of them as may be; and to moderate my Resentment of what I cannot avoid seeing, by turning my Thoughts sometimes to my own. Thus, that Spirit of Reformation which rages with such Fury among *slandrous* Women, and *effeminate* Men, I call home to myself; and by withdrawing my Attention from Things I cannot remedy, am enabled to apply it those, which it will be always in my Power to cure. I have blended effeminate Men with the Women, (as unnatural as such Junction may be in other Respects) because I have ever observed them to be great Propagators of Scandal; as also, in general, that they have the same Habits, Affections, and Dispositions. And as every Woman, *Physically* speaking, is but a *female* Man; so there is a Species of Man, in whom we lose all Traces or Symbols of the proper Creature, and *Civilly* or *Socially* considered, I look upon but as a *Male* Woman. — But the Subject Matter of this Digression would have fallen in more pertinently with a subsequent Part of my Letter, in which I shall take Leave to trouble you again upon this Head. In the mean Time, I will bring back my Thoughts to *our* Wife; (for, *in Heaven, whose Wife shall she be?*) and endeavour to give the best Account I am able of our remarkable, and, doubtless, much remarked Attachment. It contains a Story,

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from a Variety of Circumstances, so very distressful, that I am persuaded it will move, not only the Pity, but Indignation of all the virtuous and well natured Part of Mankind. Where I have this Dependance, I mean to pay a great Compliment: For as most Men are governed by their Constitutions, and those Constitutions are daily varying; what Reliance is to be had upon such Creatures themselves? And so capricious is the Animal, (I speak experimentally) that there are Numbers of us, who would think ourselves Brutes not to be moved with the *Representation* of a disastrous Story upon the Stage, that will pass by the *Reality* in Life wholly unaffected. *Varium & Mutabile*, tho' satirically apply'd by *Juvenal* to Women only, I doubt belong equally to Man: And are indeed the *Peculiar* of human Nature.

One great Difficulty (among many others) I have upon me in the Performance of this Task, is, the Apprehension of being betray'd, in the Course of the Relation, into repeated Transgressions of a Rule I had prescribed myself very early in Life; which was, to speak of myself as seldom as may be: Rarely, in private; in public, never. The *first* Person in *Grammar*, should be the *last* Person heard of in *Rhetoric*. Frequent Egotisms, if not an invidious, are at best an unacceptable Way of Talking: Yet Self-defence makes all Things venial; and by Virtue of that Plea, I hope to be entitled to a little *Toleration*, if not an entire *Dispensation*, in this Respect. For tho' I have a Spirit, which makes me very well content to die *unpitied*, I have a Consciousness about me, which makes me a little unwilling to die *unknown*. But to my Purpose.

Know then, Sir, this ill-fated Woman had been told, that I was deserving and unhappy; two Characteristics so much her own, that she had a Fellow-feeling

feeling for me, 'ere she knew me. Upon our better Acquaintance, tho' I endeavoured to conceal the Truth of one Part of her Information, she grew so partial to me, as to think she was not deceived in the other: And at length conceived that Passion for me which she has so fervently and pathetically avowed. It was not her Ear or Eyes intralled her; for if she could have been captivated by *Words*, or *Forms*, she might have been in Love with you. A Choice so founded might have gratified the Pride of a much worthier Man than myself: And I *was* prouder of such a Preference, than I could have been of knowing myself the Idol of all Womankind for Wit and Beauty; had Nature been so bounteous as to have bestowed either of them upon me. I am well aware, that to insinuate she could be in *Love* with nothing but Merit, and at the same Time to be speaking of myself as the confess'd Object of her *Love*; may seem to favour a little of Vanity: But rightly construed, it will not be found liable to any Exception. Because, she might be deceived *in* me, tho' neither she nor any Person else ever was *by* me. If she thought I had the Merit, I *had* it to her Apprehension; and that Prepossession made the *Semblance* equal to the *Substance*, with Respect to the Justification of her Passion. Possibly, Sir, when you married, you was of *Opinion*, that this Doctrine might be extended to the *Persons* of Men; but I fear you will not get the Women to subscribe to it. Long *before* the Confession of her Partiality, it had indeed been blazed about the Country: But, upon my Word, I never had the least Hint or Indication of it from herself, either by Word, or Deed. And long *after* I had the last Testimony (as she calls it) of her Affection for me; I assure you, I never said or did any Thing to heighten or foment it, but what I did

for your Sake; which was writing to her. For I was never vain enough (as others are) to encourage Passions in Women, which I could neither gratify in myself, nor requite in them. In order to be understood, when I say I corresponded with her for your Sake; I must let you know, that when her Mother died, (in Tenderneſs to whom ſhe had always concealed her Diſcontent) ſhe told me ſhe had reſolved to live with you no longer. I remonſtrated upon it, and over-ruled her Purpoſe. I told her, tho' I did not doubt of her having very good Reaſons for ſuch a Reſolution; that Appearances, upon thoſe Occaſions, were generally againſt the Woman: That they might poſſibly affect me too; telling her what had been ſaid of her) and and that if my Father ſhould ever ſuſpect me of being acceſſary to her Separation, he would never forgive me. She made Anſwer; (with that generous Warmth, which always accompany'd every Thing ſhe ſaid or did in my Behalf) ſhe would die much rather than ever have ſuch a Conſciouſneſs about her; but told me at the ſame Time, that (beſides the Loathſomeſs of the Company ſhe was to keep at *Milden-hall*, which had help'd to reduce her to what I ſaw) the Air of the Place was very unwholeſome, and fear'd it might ſome Time or other prove fatal to her. This, you may be ſure, ſtruck a little Damp to my Pleadings. Nevertheless, ſhe ſaid if I would oblige her in one Thing, ſhe would try if ſhe could not weather another Autumn at that deteſtable Abode. I cloſed with the Condition; which was, that I would inform her by Letter, from time to time, of my Health and Welfare, which ſhe confeſs'd were of greater Importance to her own than ſhe could tell with Decency: Adding, that ſhe ſtill hop'd, nothing ſhe had ſaid, or done, would be ſo miſconſtrued by me,

as to be deem'd a Forfeiture of my Esteem ; which she should ever prefer to all this World could give her. And then, as she had often done before, she bursted into Tears. Thus far, I think, I have explain'd myself to you ; tho', if it were to you only, I should not think it worth my while. I'll tell you farther ; that, neither in this, nor in any other Conversation I ever had with her, tho' strongly tempted, as well by Gratitude, as by that tender Compassion I always felt about my Heart, whenever I heard her talk, did I ever make her any Profession or Return of Love ; lest I should create in her any Impatience, to throw off the Yoke which had so long chafed her poor broken Spirit : Nor did I ever, till she was going abroad, touch either her Lips or Hand in all my Life. As this is true, so help me, and so judge me, God ! For I would neither clear myself, nor (tho' at Enmity with you) would I *blacken you*, by any Falshood or Injustice.

*Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.*

I have been so long disorder'd in my Head, that putting my Brain in Motion is as painful, as it would be to make a gouty Man dance. I am more weary with *writing*, than you can be with *reading* ; which possibly you may think is representing my *Grief* with yet greater Force. Had I not been confin'd by Sicknefs, I should have wanted Resolution to go through with my Undertaking. And was I visionary or superstitious, I should be apt to think it had been judicially inflicted on me, (as the Ghost tells *Hamlet*) *to whet my almost blunted Purpose*. But to pursue it.

Before I went to *Spa*, before I would consent to go to *Spa* with her ; I insisted, (as she tells you) upon
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the Exposition of an ambiguous Passage in one of her Letters to you ; the Purport of which was this. *You know I am the only Woman, in my Circumstances, who would have behav'd to you as I have done.* This Inuendo was, by other Animadverters on it, thought equal to its Analysis : Yet I, who was determin'd not to proceed upon Presumptions or Surmises ; by persecuting her with my Importunacy, (tho' she often put by my Suit with Sighs and Tears, as was natural to a Woman of her Modesty) at last obtained an Explanation of it. She assured me, that you never had had the least Knowledge of her ; and that altho' she despis'd you for it, she thought it the only happy Circumstance of her wretched Life. And she seem'd really as much pleased with the Delivery of her Secret, as a poor Woman after a hard Labour, could be with the Production of her Child. Yet I could not help recurring to it again, and asking some farther Questions in as decent Terms as I could find to express myself ; which, tho' they made her blush (poor Wretch !) I remember made her laugh. What, said I, did he never attempt to consummate ? Did he never try to *pin* the matrimonial *Basket* ? Upon which, she averr'd to me, she could not certify you was a Man, if she was called upon for such an Attestation ; that you once made some little Feint towards joining of your Persons, on the Wedding-night, and the next Morning begg'd Pardon for her Disappointment ; but, from that Time, took no more Notice of her than if you had forgotten her Sex ; which, probably, Sir, if you did not take a Pair of white * *Gloves* to Bed with you, you never was at all acquainted with.

* An Allusion to a Story your Friends used to tell of you at the *British Chocolate House*.

with. I don't wonder at your † asserting your *natural Rights* with so much Warmth, it seems you have so few to spare.

But there wanted not this Aggravation of your Guilt, to make the Match both unadvised and unwarrantable. It was condemn'd from the Beginning by all *thinking* and *serious* Men; and, among the *ludicrous* and *sarcastical*, was a constant Topic of Ridicule. Some of my old Friends at *Bury*, in particular, used to make themselves very merry at your Expence; yet, I protest to you, I never indulged their Raillery so much as with a Smile; but, on the contrary, often endeavoured to obviate or divert it. You thought, I suppose, she would not live long; and, as she was averse to the Alliance, that the *conjugal Duties* would be easily remitted by her, and with Thanks: As also, that her Modesty, and Delicacy, would hinder her from resenting, or revealing, your gross Abuse of her. For I have been perswaded long since, that Modesty and Gentleness are so far from recommending Man to Man, that they are but so many Temptations and Encouragements to others, to insult and oppress him. In my Opinion, the Man that takes a Woman who has not made that Man her Choice, is in Fact committing but a lawful Sort of Rape: To which, indeed, your Guilt is analogous in Sound only; for it must be confess'd, that your Enormity was not a *Rape* but *Rapine*. One of her Parents lived to see his Error, and to feel its Curse. In Tenderness to the other, who loved her most excessively, she kept secret the fatal Effects of your Avarice, and her *misguided* Concern, in the *misjudged* Provision she had made for her Happiness. For

† A Reference to your own Letter to me.

For till her Mother became Accomplice in the cruel Combination against her Peace; I have been told, by those who lived with her, that she was Proof against all the Sollicitations of her Father, and stood out inexorably against this, (every Way) *unnatural Union* of you.

This Secret wrested from her, I thought her Free, and found myself so: Tho' I had refused a very considerable, and *acceptable* Offer, in Order to *preserve* that Freedom. Upon her Return from *Spa*, she would have consulted me about the Measures to be taken for the Recovery of her Fortune; of which she made no scruple to say frequently, and before some of your Relations, that you had robb'd her. I begg'd however to be excused, and that I might be able to aver, whatever was the Issue of your Difference, I had been totally unconcern'd in it. Otherwise, you may be sure, a very little Instigation from me would have determin'd her to carry into Execution, the Purpose she had once conceiv'd to seek her Remedy at Law. I know not how to asseverate, nor am I any great Favourer of your *vehement Asseverators*; (tho' I find the Propensity to it very natural to an Heart a little inflamed) but if this be not true, may I never have the least Love or Credit among Men; and I would much rather forego Life, than forfeit my Title to so valuable Possessions. I told her that, if she would point out to me how I might be any way instrumental in making her happy, I should think myself more obliged to her, than I had ever been in all my Life: And that notwithstanding it was not in the Power of Heaven to make me so; (unless it began by restoring me to myself) yet so pleasing a Conscience might make me at least forget some Part of my Sorrows. She suggested to me the Means; and I embraced them with the same Alacrity, that

she would have snatch'd any Opportunity of promoting *my* Felicity. To your eternal Confusion and Reproach, I am very well perswaded that she was capable of bearing Children ; and being herself an *only* Child, the Desire of having an Heir was the most natural of all human Wishes. At the same Time I am convinced, if she could have conceived like the *Chinese* Virgin, by smelling to a Rose, she would have been as well pleased with her Pregnancy, as if she had owed it to more *natural* Means. There never was, from the Infancy of our Attachment, the least Ground for a Suspicion of any impure or illicit Love. For she was so totally subdued both in Flesh and Spirit, whilst she lived with you ; that her Constitution could as little tempt *her* from *within*, as her Person could tempt *me* from *without*. She was *plain* you know ; but Youth and Vigour never loved Beauty half so well, as I, under all the Infirmities of Mind and Body it was possible for human Nature to sustain, loved that *Plainness*. Moreover, I have intimated to you, that I could have been very advantageously, and *agreeably* married ; upon which the following Question very naturally arises. Whether the Knave or the Fool was so consummated in me, as to prefer Guilt and Poverty to Innocence and Wealth ? I believe the most eminent Ideot in the universe, would quickly see the eligible part of such an Alternative. But alas ! to what Purpose am I recounting these Things ? to what End have I done them ? I am left in Possession of her dear tantalizing Image only, and you of her Estate. For what she has left me, I shall be obliged to sell when Sir *Thomas Berney* dies ; and if you have a Mind to be the Purchaser, you may have my Share for between two and three thousand Pounds. When I say this, you must not think I mean to depreciate her Bounty ; for had it been greater, my Gratitude cou'd not have been

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greater ; if it had been less, my Acknowledgments should have been the same : for it was her *All* ; and, when she gave it, her very Soul accompany'd it. I mention these Things only to shew how greatly my Behaviour in this Affair has been *misconstrued* ; and, in consequence of those Misconstructions, I suppose, equally *misrepresented*. At the same Time, Sir, I pretend to no Saint-like Innocence ; for I have observed that to personate the *Saint*, is ever the first Business of him who is playing the *Devil*. I will never endeavour to make you or any body else believe, that I have a Virtue more, or a Failing less, than in Truth belongs to me. I have done Things I could wish undone : and will not therefore say, that, during the Delirium of my abandon'd Youth, a Man would have acted prudently to have *trusted his Wife* with me ; but at *any* time of my Life, if an intimate Acquaintance, or Companion only, had *trusted me* with his Wife, he might as well have apprehended an Injury from above. These Things, Sir, are not *gratis dicta*, they are not arbitrary Assertions ; for I flatter myself I could bring as many Sureties for my Truth and Honour as most Men. Nor can my arrogating two Things so essential to my Reputation (I hope) give any offence. *Simple Fame*, as it is called, may be vindicated and asserted by every Man, without breach of Modesty. My very valuable, and much lov'd Friend, the Bishop of *Derry* (to whose Care of me last Year I owe my Life) having hinted some of the Things I have been mentioning, to Lord * *Berkley* ; his Lordship was so gracious to make Answer. *My Lord, Mr. Hervey one Day, in a very earnest and emphatic Manner told me so himself ; and if twenty People were now*

to

to tell me the contrary, I would not believe them. I am certain his Lordship will pardon me this Use of his Name, when I take the same Occasion to say how very proud I am of his Testimonial. I don't remember that my Mind was ever so sensibly gratify'd: for we are not so effectually flatter'd but in proportion to the Value we ourselves set upon the Thing ascribed to us. Were I, for Instance, to tell a serious and sensible Man, that he was handsome or well made, I should imagine he would be just as well pleased, if I had paid the same Compliment to any part of his Apparel.

My dear Friend has often *said*, and there are many living Witnesses of what I *say*; that I was much the best Friend you ever had in all your Life; and I was undeniably so, till you forced me to be your Enemy: which as often as I seriously consider, I really grow superstitious, and look upon the Incident as something preternatural. The Indiscretion in your Misusage of me does not appear to have been *Spontaneous*; you must have been impell'd to it by the Devil, who, in the vulgar Phrase, owed you this Shame. You are now in Possession of her Estate, in consequence of my Tenderness and Scruples; Curse on me for my Folly! which, among many other Provocations to such desperate Refuge, makes me daily want to do some Violence to myself.

I must pause a little, for the Heat and Agitation which the conflicting Passions now about my Mind cause in my Blood and Brain are so great, that I'm amazed how I make any Progress in my Work. My Ideas pass it in such Huddle-groups, that to digest the Matter for a Sentence of any length, is a Labour to *me*, equal to writing a whole Letter, to another Body. And yet this is something gain'd: for, for eight or nine Years past, if my *Salvation* could have depended upon my doing any part of

what I have now done, I had not been able to earn it.

Her Parents, I think, were so prudent to ask her once, whether her Inclinations were engaged *else-where*, before they finally determined to give her Person *where* they knew they were *not*. However the Point gain'd by this Precaution was very inconsiderable. For, tho' neither you, nor I, was in Possession of them at that Time; it was no Security for any future Exemption from such a woful Dilemma. And, whenever it came to be the Case either of her, or any other Woman; tho' they might have too much Virtue, and Honour, to indulge themselves in the Gratification of such alien Desire; yet the Man has made a *Wretch* of that Woman, who is shewing him this undeserv'd *Mercy*. Women, as well as Men, that have generous and right Affection about their Hearts, are not contented with their moving contractedly round their own Centre, but are full of Impatience and Longings to exert, and fix them, upon some worthier and nobler Object than the pitiful puny *Idol* call'd *Self*: tho' its Votaries make one of the most numerous Sects in all the World; and their *Persuasion* seems to me to bid fair, in spite of the Church of *Rome* to be the true *Catholic* Religion. Tho' I hope I shall always be look'd upon as an *Heretic*, yet if they should establish an Order of Knighthood, and I have any Friends among them, you may depend upon my Interest for being *Grand Master*. It must be confess'd that there are to be met with, in our own reverend and stupendous System, Doctrines in favour of this Idolatry: for *David* says; * *do well unto thy self, and Men will speak good of thee*; but tho' you have religiously observed the Means,

Means, you must give me leave to assure you upon my Reputation, you have not attained the End. We allow you indeed to be a Man of Sense and Knowledge; but say, at the same Time, that a *well-endowed* Mind, makes no amends for an *ill-disposed* Heart; and that a good Understanding is so far from hiding a weak Conduct, that it is like a fine Coat upon a deformed Person; which only serves to make the Defects of its Wearer more conspicuous.

As *Solomon* observes that in the midst of *Laughter* the Heart is sorrowful, so mine you see, Sir, in the midst of *Sorrow* would fain be pleasant. For, as I was very desirous to retaliate the outrageous Irregularity of your *Freedom* with me, I could think of nothing so Anomalous and Unnatural, as to be very *merry* with you: To extract Mirth from a Gentleman of your profound Wisdom and Gravity, being a sort of disproof of an Axiom in Philosophy; which says, that nothing can impart to *another*, what it hath not in *itself*. But I must beg Leave once more to resume the *Serious*; which is more agreeable to the Nature of my Subject, as well as to my own.

I am utterly at a Loss to conjecture by what Attempts you will endeavour to cover or elude this heavy Charge. You have much to answer for, as she observed: For if, after the cruel Penance you had inflicted upon her for twelve Years, you had behaved rightly to her but in the End; she might have still been living, and I been bless'd. If Death be preferable to Life distempered with Adversity; if a painful Being be worse than no Being; as they indisputably are; he who has given that Pain, is so much worse than a Murderer. This *Expression* sounds harsh, but you will find the Logic strict and binding; and as it is a general Position, 'tis very
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defensible. *She utter'd not her Grief*, 'tis true: But did you think because she never murmured, that she never repined? Great Minds bear Affliction *silently*, but they bear it *hardly*. They know how few, how very few are susceptible of any real Compassion; they know too, where it is bestowed with the greatest Sincerity, how unprofitable a Bounty it is. Had she been the *worst*, instead of being the *best* Woman in the World, the Part you have acted had been unpardonable. But she was loving, lovely, gentle, generous, and dispassionate; and *the Elements so mixed in her*, that she seemed as if sent for a *Pattern* of what Women ought to be, and to have been resumed again for want of *Copiers*. The desperate Condition in which she found and left *me*, did not indeed admit of her making me compleatly happy, if she had had the Power of *Heaven*: But if there had been left in me a Capacity for Happiness, *Heaven* itself could not have made me *much* happier than she. The Conversation of a sincere, an honest, and well informed Mind, is a most exquisite Enjoyment: And rare as such Endowments are known to be in the World, I had been so fortunate to know where to look for them, and, by her Help, where to find them. Such Love of Truth, and Benevolence of Temper, I never saw: And it became, I may say it behooved *me*, to pay a more than ordinary Regard to these Perfections, because I have ever looked upon them, in spite of the Schoolmens Catalogue, as the true *Cardinal Virtues*. I never said any Thing of this Kind before her Face; because she was better pleased to know my Sense of her Merit, by my Behaviour to her; which was a constant, and almost total, Application of my Time, and Thoughts, to the Means of making her happy. And if Happiness had been Matter of *Claim*, I might say she had
a Right

a Right to be happy; because she contributed to the Ease, the Pleasure, and Felicity, of every Creature that came within the Reach or Influence of her Benignity. She not only never *declined*, but I believe never *over-looked*, an Opportunity of pleasing, obliging, or accommodating any of her Acquaintance. Such Inclinations are not often known to Hearts at Ease; the Merit of them in her was therefore inestimable. It is not to be conceived, what Stability of Temper, what uncommon Portions of Virtue and Equanimity are required, to call the Mind to an Attention to the Pleasures and Interests of others, when it is labouring under Pressures of its own. That Part of her Disposition more immediately relative to her Manners, was perfect beyond Imitation or Expression: For they were exactly polite, without the least Tang of Affectation or Ceremony; and rigidly decent, without any Constraint either to herself or her Company. What her Manners were in Respect of her Equals; her Temper was with Regard to her Servants and Dependents. For, galled as she was with Disease, and disquieted with Care, when the weak and depraved Particles in our Natures are most apt to shew themselves; I can swear that in all my Knowledge of her (excepting once on my own Account) I never saw her kindle into the least Blast of Anger, or Appearance of Ill-humour: Her Rule being (as was said of Mr. Cowley) *never to reprehend any Body, but by the silent Reproof of a better Practice*. An easy and an even Temper is very pleasing, where it is merely Constitutional: But when it results from a good Understanding, and continues daily to be governed by Principles of Reason and Humanity, it grows meritorious: And, as it is with Wealth, the Possessor may be more proud of what he has partly acquired,

acquired, than that which he had wholly by Inheritance. Upon the Credit of these exalted Virtues, I should hope to be believed when I speak of her entire Exemption from all the Weaknesses and Vices so common to our Nature. For, tho' the World affords many Examples of little Virtues, and *great* Failings, meeting in the same Person; and numberless Instances of *great* Virtues and *little* Failings; yet I believe there was scarce ever known *one of very great Virtues*, and very great *Vices* dwelling together. Such an Union, Sir, were altogether as unnatural as that of an *old* Man with a *young* Woman; or of an *impotent* one with *any* Woman. If I am well founded in this Proposition, as I verily think I am, I must beg you will observe, that there is a second Inference deducible from it: which is, that as *great Virtues* are never accompanied with *great Vices*, so *great Vices* are as seldom accompanied with *great Virtues*. By Vices here I would be understood to mean, any untoward, malignant, or depraved Affections of the Mind; such Things as have in them any moral Turpitude: For as Custom confounds Words, so the irregular Use of those Words must, in its Turn, confound our Ideas. The little social Offences and Irregularities we are hurried into by any *natural* Passion, or by some external Impulse or Allurement; should, I think, come under a milder Denomination, and be call'd Follies only. I hope I shall not, for this Comparison between the *Guilt* of immoral Vices, with the *Demerit* of social Trespasses, incur the Suspicion of being an Advocate for either; for, I think, the most trivial, or venial of them, ought to be properly discountenanced and restrained.

I have been carry'd away by the Luxuriancy of my Speculations, to Things a little foreign to my Purpose. But by this Character of my *Dear* (I
know

know not what to add) you may see I think I had found

The faultless MONSTER that the World ne'er saw.

And I assure you I was not single in my Opinion. She had a few, but well chosen Friends, who, I am persuaded, will attest the Truth of what I have said of her, without my calling upon them to be Vouchers for it. What is more ; I ever had such Notions of the *infinite* Diversifications of Nature in human Constitutions, that I was not in the least surpris'd *when* I found her. Nor would it be a Moment's Wonder to me, if I were to meet with the entire Reverse of her To-morrow. But Perdition, eternal Perdition on me, if I would not undergo or forego, more than Enthusiastic Hermit ever did to recommend himself to his God, to be possess'd of her Equal. And yet I should impose upon you, to tell you that I have yet felt the Loss of her as I ought to feel, and hereafter shall feel it. I perceive indeed a Disappearance of the only Thing on which I could ever rest an Hope of any Happiness, in all my Life ; but when she died, my Mind was so big with Woe, and my Brain so inflamed with the Resentment of it, that I had not room for any new or accessory Sorrow. 'Tis true I can perceive my Heart swell, and my Eyes gush, with but seeing her Hand on a Piece of Paper ; but this is not the Thing. The Loss of such a Friend is a Grief of Reason, not of Passion ; and *Reason* being fled, the *Sensory* is lost. If I should once again resume myself, once more be bless'd with that intire Redintegration of myself, of which I have as high a Conceit as Monks of Paradise ; and retire to such Scenes, and Paths of Life, as under Nature's Guidance, and in a State of Freedom, I should have *first* fought, and

ever loved ; it will be then, and there, that I shall truly lament the Loss of her invaluable Society. For Amiable, that comprehensive Characteristic, was never more due to any human Creature than to her. The Tribute of these Praises so naturally coincides with my chief Aim in writing this Letter, that if they do not please, surely they cannot offend any body. They are as due to the Virtues of a private Life, as to those of greater Eclat ; being more easily imitated, and imitable *by more* than those of Persons in high Rank and Station. To this may be added another Enhancement of their Merit, which is, that the Motives to them are pure and simple, whereas the others are often mix'd and complicated. Even their poor Encomiast has this Advantage over other Panegyrists, that he is less suspectable of any By-Ends or Adulation in what he says. And indeed if it were the Deity of whom I spoke, and that Deity capable of being imposed upon by me, I should be cautious of saying any thing my Heart did not avow me in ; for I have always look'd upon Flattery as the most abject of all Prostitution. Yet I fear these Testimonies I have borne to a Character on which I shall ever reflect with the utmost Veneration, will be regarded but as the *Overflowings* of a grateful Heart, or the *Hyperboles* of a bigoted Friend ; but, as you yourself can witness, it is not so. I did not ascribe these venerable Qualities to her because she was my Friend, but I made her my Friend, because she had the Qualities. That I had great Obligations to her is true ; and that *particular* Merit might have challeng'd and produced in me all Tokens and Effects of a most ardent Love and Esteem ; yet not the Things themselves ; which must be always the Result of a general one. For if it be once admitted, that any thing but intrinsic Worth is a suitable

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Foundation for Friendship, I do not see why there may not be as eminent Examples of it in *Newgate*, as in any other Scenes of Life. By intrinsic Worth is to be understood an Assemblage of good Nature, Temper, Truth, and Honour; for Wit and Beauty, Knowledge and Politeness of Manners are not to be reckon'd into the Essentials of the *Human Fabric*, but rather come under the Description of what we call finishing in artificial Structures. I might bring in Aid and Confirmation of this Opinion, the general Remark, that we very rarely see a firm, equal, and lasting Friendship: And why? why because those capricious Attachments and Fellowships we see from Day to Day contracting, and often usurping the Name of Friendship, have not that Fundamental which I require. If there be this Deficiency in either of the contracting Parties, the Compact breaks of itself. And for the very same Reason it is, that we see so few People happy in the Marriage State: because there must meet in *two* Persons, so confederated, all those winning Qualities, and endearing Qualifications, which are rarely to be found in one.

Having now fulfilled my chief Design in writing to you, I shall soon release you; but must beg leave to close with this Observation, naturally arising from what I feel at the Time of making it. That, if, instead of having favoured and befriended you, I had been an avowed and most injurious Enemy, you had done a most merciless and savage Thing, whelm'd as I am under Variety of Afflictions, to have thrown new Fuel into my Mind to inflame and agitate it. To bear about a *disturb'd* Mind in a *distemper'd* Body, is the Consummation of human Misery. Yet this hath long been my Condition; aggravated by the Consciousness of such a Capacity in myself for Happiness as scarce any Man was ever bless'd with. If there be that Communion between

God and his Creature, *believed* by * many, and so devoutly to be *wish'd* by All; I conclude he will hear a sincere and earnest Application to him from a Chamber, as soon as from a Church, or in the Street, as well as in either. And I desire him most solemnly, to deal with me here and hereafter according to the Truth of what I am going to say, *viz.* That in one or two and Twenty Years I have never been in a natural State of Mind or Body: in other Words; I have not been in all that time one Hour out of Pain, or in the calm Possession of my Understanding. I was thus unhing'd before I was twenty Years old; and have been no more accountable for my own Motions ever since, than an *Ignis fatuus*; they have been all as irregular and involuntary; and *only Irregular*, from been Involuntary. Every Step I now set in the Day, is like the Motion of a Feverish Man in the Night; who is continually changing his Place and Posture, *impatient* ever of the present, *easy* in none, For these nine Years last past, in particular, I have suffer'd Torment enough for the Author of Man's Fall; and am full of such a malignant Indignation at the Causes of it, that, with once as much Philanthropy about me as was ever known to human Heart, I find myself degenerated into an arrant *Timon*. I have had my Share of most of the acute Diseases incidental to human Nature; but they are pleasurable Sensations, compared to the Pangs and Anguish I am speaking of; which I defy Hell to aggravate, or Heaven (almost) to recompence. Had I been perswaded that I was earning eternal Life by them, I could not have been brought to any Consideration, or Acknowledgment of my Wages; long since so weary of
Being,

* I desire to be thought one of them.

Being, that if I had thought my Chances for Happiness in a future State had been as a Million to one, I should have dreaded another Existence. I have lain awake from two or three Nights to two or three Months together; as much so, as I am at this Moment; without any more Disposition to Sleep, than if there had been no such Power in Nature. When I have slept, I cannot say I rested; 'twas like the Sustenance allowed by Tyrants to Slaves condemn'd to Tortures, barely sufficient to prolong my Pains. In this calamitous State, the only Means of Relief were, either to retire for some time from the World, in order to reinstate and repair the Man; or entirely to set him free, by a final Riddance of it. But unhappily, of these two *Doors*, the Circumstances of my Fortune had shut the *one*, Nature and Honour had barr'd the other. Else the most easy Hour I have spent in eight of these nine Years, I cou'd have put a Pistol to my Head, or a Dagger in my Heart, and looked on *Death* with more Complacency, and greater Avidity, than you could look on *Mammon*. To have past the verticle Point of Life, without any Perception, any Remembrancer but *Pain*, of the degrees by which I have reach'd that Period; to be old, without ever having been young; to have been *literally* dying daily, (as *St. Paul* says) by daily wishing to die; to have laid in nothing to make me of any *Use* to myself or others, and to be dispossest of all the Powers of giving any *Pleasure* to myself or others, are melancholy *Reflections*, but more horrible *Sensations*. Yet I have borne my Fortune patiently, and resisted it manfully: but that constant Conflict with it, and Resentment of it, harra'ss me as much as my Distemper; and my poor crazy Carcass, is in the forlorn Case of a *third* Person parting two Scufflers. As long as any little
Vigour

Vigour of Body remains, it helps a Wretch to divert or to beguile the Grievs of his Mind ; and so, till he is broken in Mind, he is enabled by that to combat and sustain the Evils of the Body ; but when both are entirely subdued, there is no *Refuge*, no *Support*. When we see a Man submit to much in order to remove his Grievs, we may conclude he feels much : and I have lived an hourly Slave to my Infirmities for many Years, and do so still. Infomuch, that if I *recover*, the Means are so very tedious and unpalatable ; I may say in the Lawphrase, I have *suffer'd* a Recovery. But the Labours of *Sisyphus*, or a Dog in a Wheel, were profitably spent compared to mine ; for if they gain no Ground, at least they lose none ; but I was daily Retrograde : the *Effect* of one Night's Distemperature like mine, is the *Cause* of another ; and so Disease, like a kind of Interest converted into Principal, was constantly accumulating on me. Yet all this time I never spoke, unless provoked or urged to it by Raillery or Insult ; which Misery you may be sure I could but ill brook. For what has been imposed and practised upon me, I must, in Justice to the Doers, own, I am certain wou'd not have been inflicted on an Horse, if the Beast could have complain'd. But complaining was always a little repugnant to my *Nature*, and more so to my *Reason*. 'Tis Weak and Impertinent to impart our Grievs where they are not pity'd, and it is *cruel* where they are : Persons indifferent to us are not susceptible of the Sympathy ; our Friends we should spare the Pain of it. If I could have complain'd of any thing, I should have murr'd at the unnatural Treatment of my Friends under my Affliction, who have often wounded me sorely. How differently are we made ? I see *others* discomposed in their turn ; and yet so much more considerate and tender

der am I in this Point; that if it be but the Casualty of a Day, or the Effect of Humour, I scarce ever look towards them; lest it should hurt them to perceive it is taken notice of. I have scarce an Acquaintance whose Company I have not quitted with a Resolution never to go into it again, till he was *wiser*, or I was *happier*. At the same Time I have met with great Indulgence, I confess, in Public: where my Companions have been so good, when I have caught their Eyes upon me, immediately to turn them off; common Sense telling them, that as often as they seem'd to observe, what I was generally labouring to conceal, they must necessarily disconcert or constrain me. For in the height of my Disorder, Sir, I was grown as jealous of the Eyes of my Friends, as you could be of your * Wife; and *like you* from a Consciousness of my own Infirmities. To have this Consideration paid me in *Public*, and to be denied the same Quarter in *private* Company, used equally to concern and surprize me. When the Wheels are out of Order, it is rather the Business of Friends by an artful Tenderness to set them right; and to sooth the Sufferer insensibly into an Utterance of his Sorrows: For *Speaking*, to an Heart long bloted and inflamed with Grief and Indignation, is like bringing Wounds to suppurate, which at once prognosticates and promotes their Cure. Many of Mine know too, that the series of Adversity I have gone through, required more than human Patience to *bear*, as well as more than human Spirits to *surmount*. With *more* to feel, and a quicker *Feeling* than any Man; to be asked
by

* This alludes to an insidious Attempt upon her Honour, by which she was exposed to an unheard of Insolence from one of her Servants.

by those, who neither had my *Sorrows* nor *Sensations*, what was the Matter with me, and why I was not chearfuller; to be charged with a Want of Spirit, when I had been a Sacrifice singly to my Spirit; (by opposing Ills, to which the strongest and the fiercest Beasts in Nature must have submitted) were very mortifying and provoking Errors in my Judges. If no Circumstances or Occurrences in our Lives, were any way to alter our *Sensations*; a Man might as well be Poor, as in Affluence; Sick, as in Health; and it would be Matter of Indifference, whether his *Friend* did him an Injury, or Good-Offices. *Apathy*, Sir, is but a Word; the Thing can have no Existence. It is arrant Folly, utter Nonsense, to say we will not feel, what we do feel. Grief of any kind will exact, and engage the Attention of its Sufferer: There is nothing so *selfish* as Pain; and scarce any Thing so *painful* as such Selfishness. Besides, to be competent Judges of any Man's Resentments of Things, we ought to know a little of the Texture of his Mind: For *Minds* under Affliction, fare as *Bodies* do in Toils; they injure themselves, in proportion to the natural Strength and Activity of them. For my own Part, I am fully persuaded that the internal Complexions of Men are as various as their Faces; and that *Man* and Beast, or *God* and Man, are not so unlike each other, as Man and Man. And bold, and extravagant, as this Position may seem, I think I could explain it in a Manner, to leave the Truth of it unquestionable. While we can sit at ease, and speculate only, upon the several Operations, and Diversifications, of the Knave, the Fool, and the Brute, tho' upon the whole our Animadversions will be a little melancholy; yet in certain Moments we may divert and amuse ourselves with them: But when a Man is to *feel* them all; when he

he is every Day to *suffer*, what he is conscious he could never *act*, and is still determined invariably to perform his Part; when this, I say, Sir, happens to be the Case of any of us, it becomes a *complicated* Grief, to be so circumstanced, and at the same Time so constituted. I can scarce think of any Species of Injury that I have not suffered; and for an Aggravation of my Wrongs, the most grievous of them have been done me by those who ought to have been my Patrons and Upholders. Neither is there a Weakness belonging to human Nature, I have not had almost daily practised upon me. About four Years ago I had a very abrupt Hint given me, that the World thought I was kept: Tho' by the By, my Circumstances at that Time did as little *Credit*, as I myself could have done *Service* to my Keeper. An old, an intimate Acquaintance of mine, and an exceeding well-natured Man, (two Titles to say any Thing) one Day after Dinner, talking of Women, the almost constant Topic of Tavern-Conversation, observed, that *Hervy* was the most happy of them all; who made his Interests and his Pleasures coincide, by finding them in one common Means. Tho' very little disposed to take part in the Discourse, I said with an indignant Smile, that I did not know what he meant. *Why*, (said he) *have you never had to do with any Woman that has paid you well for your Pains?* I answered, No: And immediately perceived as much Astonishment expressed in the *Faces* of all the good Company, as if I had affirmed, that I had no Nose in *mine*: Upon which I redoubled my Affirmation, and said again, *upon my Honour*, No. A Mind less sickly, and discomposed, might have borne a Slander of this Kind with better Temper; but it affected mine hugely. And tho' I acquitted my Assailant of any Intention to hurt me; yet my Senses told me, when I was to suffer, it signified but little;

whether Inadvertency or Malice gave the Wound. I really think the Character of a * *Filch* is almost as enviable and reputable. But so little seasonable was such a Representation of me, that at the very Time I was looked upon as this Herculean Labourer, this *Jove* amongst the Women; I was in the Condition of poor *Belshazzar* when he saw the Hand-writing upon the Wall: *The Joints of my Loins were loosed, and my Knees smote one against the other.* And yet a Multitude of these little Perverse-nesses of Mankind, with which they daily teaze each other, and are mutually labouring to render Life unfavoury; would have lost much of their pungency to a Mind in Vigour, and true to itself; as I should ever have found mine, in any other Paths but those I have been driven into. But I so exquisitely *resented* my first Grievs and Disappointments, that I have been the less able to *resist* the latter. The Affection I once bore my Father surpass'd any Saint's Love of his God; and I can't help flattering myself, that had I been better known to him, he would have cherish'd me like his Being. But true filial Love, like the *Love of God*, is accompanied with an Awe and Reverence, which if its Object will not remit, or a little abate, they may live for ever in the same Room, and be utter Strangers to each other. But I have observed, in general, that the Behaviour of Parents to their Children, is like that of Women towards Men; of whom Mr. *Dryden* says, that they never *stoop* but to the *forward* and the *bold*. My Father's Esteem was my *sine quo non* of Life; it was the one Thing needful; by which is to be understood, that which would make a Man happier, without all other Things, than all other Things without that. But he was pleased

* A Character in the *Beggar's Opera*. His Occupation in *Newgate* was supposed to be helping female Convicts to Pregnancies, in order to respite the execution of their Sentence.

pleased at once to put me out of *his* Way as well as my *own*: being tempted by the shew of some Talents in me, (which he and the World, even at that Time over-rated) to a fatal destination of me to a Profession the most repugnant to my Genius and Temper that was possible. And the Prosecution of my Studies not being made easy to me in other Respects, I abandoned myself to such desperate Excesses as none else was ever reformed or rescued from. For the great Fatality which attends an Habit of Drinking is, that the Evil becomes Antidote to itself; that is to say, by having recourse to the Cause, you remove the ill Effects of it: And I will venture to affirm, that the Temptations to Relief from Pain, are much less to be withstood, than the most urgent to any positive Pleasure. Even my giddy, riotous Companions could discern, that our Motives to what we were about, were not the same: For their Business was *Drinking*, mine was to be *Drunk*. And what *real* Pleasure there can be in a total privation of all one's Powers and Faculties, needs not an *Oedipus* to resolve. But that there is a negative one, in lulling a disquieted Mind, and in the suspension of gloomy Thoughts, the Practice of almost all the afflicted Part of Mankind too daily certifies. This, I confess, was making bad worse:

Fortune miseras auximus Arte vias,
 And I don't doubt but you will tell me that I deserved it for so extravagant and *irrational* a Conduct. But if Reason, Sir, be not a Match for the Passions of *Age*; when it is to controul the unruly Emotions of Youth, and a great Spirit, the Encounter must still be more unequal. I have many, many Times wanted a Dinner in those Days. These Things might have sat like *Trifles*, on the Mind of a *Trifler*, but I was not so luckily constituted. When I say luckily, I don't mean that I should have chosen to

be of such a Make ; but when a Man's Fortune has not been correspondent to his natural Disposition, the next Thing to be wish'd is, that his Disposition had been more agreeable to his Fortune. My Mind, as I have said before, having been thus early unhinged, and turn'd upon itself ; I apply'd myself with unweary'd Industry and Diligence to my Destruction, and yet could not effect it ; but, after such a Redemption, to have lived to regret the want of Success in *that*, more than any other Pursuits of my Life, is a shocking Thought. My Father, however, is not to take, these Things ill, as they have no Tendency to reflect any Reproach on him ; for, as he was ignorant of my Sufferings, he was also innocent of 'em. And when I turn my Thoughts towards him, I only say to myself, that *he shot his Arrow o'er the House, and kill'd his Son*. When he heard of the Daily Violences I was doing to myself, he could not tell that I was not *mad*, but *grieved* : He could not distinguish the *Wretch*, from the Man of Pleasure ; nor could he possibly discover, that that seeming rebellious Conduct against myself, was but the Effect of an inward Warfare with my *Rebel Fate*. The most sensible Mortification he ever did me, was in expounding the unhappy Effects of these Things into new Wrongs, by one of those gross Misconstructions I am still often suffering. He ask'd me once why I did not talk more ; saying, he had been told that I was very capable of taking part in the Disquisitions of common Things ; and that my Silence was interpreted into a Contempt of my Company, which was resolvable only into Pride. But how very injurious and cruel are these Things ? Pride, as is said of *Cesar's Ambition*, *should be made of sterner Stuff*. Besides, Men, naturally prone to enquire too narrowly into themselves or their Condition here, (and I am not without some Seeds of this self-tormenting Philo-

Philosophy in me) will not have much Reason to be satisfy'd with either; and that which makes us *unhappy*, in this respect, will, in my Opinion, necessarily make us *bumble*. I remember I laugh'd then, as I do still, at any of these random Shafts, tho' with an hundred Arrows rankling in my Brain and Heart; but when I was smitten with this invidious Charge, every Power and Function both of my Body and Mind had been for three or four Years totally suspended. I knew no more what past in Company, than if the Conversation had been in a Language I had not understood: and if I had been admitted to the Communion of Saints, * it would have been all Impertinence and Obstrusion to me; for there must be a Capacity to enjoy, before one Thing can make us at all happier than another. Pain without either *natural* or *external* Means for the Pursuit of Pleasure, would make your Being loathsome to you, tho' your Abode were with the Bless'd.

Don't imagine, Sir, that I have told this lamentable Tale in order to excite Compassion; for all Tokens of Pity must come so short of the Sufferings of Distraction, and a fix'd Despondency, that they would but make the *Patient* smile. No, Sir! my View in it is, with the better Pretence, and I hope better Effect, to become a Suppliant to the Public; that, as by an uninterrupted Series of Adversity, I have been bereft of Health and Strength, of Peace and Serenity, I may not be robb'd of my little Fame too; for, by that slender, but firm and faithful Prop, I have been all along sustain'd: and I think it can neither appear so enviable to my Enemies, nor so inconsiderable to my Friends, as for those

* I fear many of these passionate Expressions have fallen from me, which tho' I could not suppress, I hope my Reader will overlook. I beg Pardon for them: but I am writing rather from my Heart, than Head; more from what I *feel*, than what I *think*.

those to desire, or these to suffer it, to be cut from under me. This, Sir, was not your first Attempt to wound my Reputation neither ; for you traduced me six or seven Years ago in my public Character. But the Censures and Reproaches of one so prejudiced, and Party-bias'd, will make but slight Impressions on their Object ; and it is as notorious as some other of your Foibles, that the Favourers of your Opinions have no Faults, the Oppugners of them no Virtues ; and that upon the least Change any Man makes in his Political Creed, or Conduct, you do not scruple to pronounce the respective Profelyte either *Saint*, or *Reprobate*, without the least Regard to his Manners, Mind, or Morals. I confess I have not that implicit Affiance in your Judgment, or any Man's else, to pin a Faith of any kind upon your Sleeves : nor, on the other hand, have I such a Conceit of the Sufficiency of my own, as to presume it never misleads me. What I dare *be*, I hope I shall always dare to avow I *am*. Whether I am thought to have taken the Part I have been acting upon upright Motives, must ever depend upon the Candor and Equity of my Judges. I can only aver I have been sincere ; and tho' the World may not allow me the Repute, 'tis not in the Power of its great Ruler to rob me of the Consciousness of it ; with which Consciousness, I will endeavour for the remaining Part of my Life to rest content. For tho' I would pass a fiery Ordeal, rather than let my Fame suffer any Stain or Blemish I could wipe from it ; or to conciliate the Esteem of Men of Sense and Probity ; yet I never was of *Consideration* enough, or of a *Turn*, to affect what is call'd Popularity ; having learn'd long since to distinguish between the *Folly* of attempting to please every body, and the *Wisdom* of really displeasing no body. In answer, however, to your *Suspensions* and Imputations, I will venture to say thus much. That I have made greater

greater Sacrifices to generous and virtuous Motives, than, perhaps, any Man living : Or, supposing me to have had my EQUALS in this Respect ; I must observe, that a Merit of this sort is not duely balanced by another's having done the same *Things*, unless it appears that he hath also done them in the same *Circumstances*. If *Passion* or Interest cou'd have sway'd me, I might say too, since I have been concern'd in the Political World, that I had been both *provoked*, and *tempted*, to be one of those Modern Converts, who make a Minister's private Treatment of them, the Measure of all Wrong and Right in what he is doing for the Public. And if such Vicissitudes, such sudden Changes, could be warrantable in any Thing, I really think that *Political Consciences* will best admit of them : for every body must allow, that no Things will *turn* so well, as those that are the same on *both Sides*. Probably I may flatter myself, but I am inclined to believe that few Men are less liable to be awed or allured into any Thing than I am. Poor and inconsiderable enough I have ever been, God knows ; but stiff, and steady. *Quod Volo, valde volo*. True Zeal, like true Courage, is not loud or wordy : they patiently receive, and quietly repay, the Taunts and Outrages of their Adversaries ; and as the one will always make a *formidable* Enemy, so the other will never fail to make a *stedfast* Friend. I had once resolved not to come again into Parliament ; for I have neither the Passions requisite to take Delight, nor Talents to make a Figure in it. But if all the Votes I have given there were revocable, I cou'd think but of one I should be the least desirous to recall : And if that Question were to recur, I shou'd be again suspended by the Dilemma I was then under ; for tho' I approved of the End, I disliked the Means : and Neutrality is a Thing *unworthy* even to the Gender of a Noun. In the Roman State, if I

remem-

remember right, it was not only reckon'd Ignominious, but, I think, made Penal. As for the Unanimity with which my Party has been so often reproach'd; it is the natural, and almost necessary *Effect of Party*. 'Tis by the same Unity and Concord, that the Opponents of it have now gotten the Ascendant; and I wou'd recommend it to every Administration, and every Assembly: For I believe it will be found in Policy, as in Philosophy, that Cohælion gives the *Weight* to all *Bodies*. But though I recommend certain degrees of this *Political Faith* and Complaisance, in order to facilitate the Measures of our *Governors*, I am no Advocate for so abject a Subserviency of other Men's *Wills*, or so implicit a Resignation of our Understandings and Consciences to their *Opinions*, as may be destructive or injurious to the *Governed*. Men of Sense, and Spirit, and Integrity, will always set proper bounds to these Things: you will find them moving towards each other, and, as if it were by some secret Magic in their Natures, uniting and confederating themselves in times of *Danger* and *Design*. But I have seen no such *Times*, and hope I never shall see such; nor do I think I have seen any *such Things*, as seem'd to bespeak or forebode the Approach of them.

I have troubled you, Sir, (and to be sincere with you, I hope I have troubled you) with a tedious Rhapsody; in some Parts of which you may think I have treated you very freely. But where *Truth* offends, she herself must have been first *offended*: and the Resentment of such an Offender will pass in the World, but for the wincing of the galled Horse. What I have said, as well as what I have done, I can amply justify: it is the Nature of all Innocence to be *Bold*; injur'd Innocence will be a little *impatient* too.

THOMAS HEYVEY.



